

# Breath

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<http://mccue.cc/bob/spirituality.htm>

Earth breathes with pendulum ease  
or prize fighter violence.  
We feel her pulse, but faintly.  
She, our unutterable yearning.

We could hear the waves as we navigated the beach's long, blind approach, while laden with towels, toys, life's worry. Earth's caressing cadence carried us in, over neglected ways.

Numbing, constant cares  
spill into wind and surf,  
leaving lingering, exhilarating peace.

"More sand! Water's almost here!" they yelled. I shovelled faster. Four children, with innocent hope, moulded walls against the advancing tide. I remembered other waves when we visited the prairie, and commando-crawled up a prickle covered rise. Antelope grazed below us. We lay silently, watching. Wind caressed swells rolled over us through the grass. Cloud dragons became angels, disappeared. Unnoticed time departed.

Solitude opens my soul.  
Scattering worry is carried away.  
I feel for the ocean but find  
wind whispering  
sky, land, cloud.

Screams drew me back to the beach. Waves were upon the castle. The children's effort doubled to bolster sagging walls. At last they understood, quietly watching with me.

Caressing rhythm cleanses,  
melts our walls.

Earth's tempo surrounds us.  
Sanctifying our flotsam. Healing our scars.  
Leaving us pristine.

We are creation's breath and pulse as  
silence, an open heart, a view of the big canvass  
attune, atone.

The Psalmist might better have simply said:  
"Be still."